UNITY

An Organ of Reasonable Religion.

"One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event
To which the whole creation moves."—*Tennyson.*

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Varieties.

My religion is Love—'tis the noblest and purest;
And my temple, the Universe—widest and surest.
I worship my God, through His works which are fair,
And the joy of my heart is perpetual prayer.
J. C. Prince.

If a certain belief will not work, try it how we will, the presumption is that it is not true. Suppose a man says that the sea is solid. The test is, does the doctrine work? He steps down from the ship's side and sets his foot upon the wave. In a moment he is submerged; he has conclusive evidence that the waters are not solid.—R. A. Armstrong, B.A.

Shall I ask the brave soldier who fights by my side
In the cause of mankind—if our creeds agree?
Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried,
If he kneel not before the same altar with me?
—Moore.

My Lord Understanding's house was too light for the Prince of Darkness, and he therefore built a high wall to darken all the windows.—John Bunyan.

Perplexed in Faith, but pure in deeds,
At last he beat his music out;
There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.
—Tennyson.

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.—Montgomery.

"Sir, I like the old doctrines," said a conservative hearer who was dismayed at the new ideas of the preacher. "So do I," said the preacher; "the older the better, sir. Mine is as old as the Apostles. Yours has been manufactured since, by the creed making councils of the churches that strayed away from Christ."

"An angel's wing would tire if long at rest,
And God himself inactive were no longer blest."

Talmage and Hawthorne.

T. P. Barnum, the famous showman, was a Universalist, and Universalists are now Unitarians. In 1890 Mr. Barnum answered the question: "Why I am a Universalist," in the course of which statement he said:

I wish to contrast two utterances, and leave the reader to judge which is the nobler. One is the utterance of Mr. Talmage. He said:

> "Nearly all the heterodox people I know of believe all are coming out at the same destiny without regard to faith and character: Nero and Wesley, Guiteau and Garfield. I turn away from such a debauched heaven. Against that cauldron of beastliness I place the two destinies of the Bible for ever and for ever apart."

This is the surviving remnant of the idea once so vividly preached that the saints in heaven need the sight of hell to complete their joys. The other utterance I contrast to the above is Hawthorne's, in "Glimpses of English Poverty." He says of the wretched London poor:

> "How difficult to believe that anything so precious as a germ of immortal growth can have been plunged into this cesspool of vice! Oh, what a mystery! Slowly, slowly, as after groping at the bottom of a deep noisome pool, my hope struggles upward to the surface, bearing the half-drowned body of a child and bearing it aloft for its own life, and my own life, and all our lives. Unless these slime clogged nostrils can be made capable of inhaling celestial air, I know not how the purest and most intellectual of us can reasonably expect ever to taste a breath of it. The whole question of eternity is staked there. If a single one of those helpless little ones be lost, the world's lost."

Which of these two sentiments (asked Mr. Barnum) is most like the Jesus of the people?

We may add that Hawthorne was a professed Unitarian.

It is not humanly possible to love such a God as Calvin, Jonathan Edwards, the Puritan Divines, the Westminster Theologians, pourtrayed. Fear him we might, and must; but loving a God who could doom every infant to eternal perdition for Adam's sin, who could plunge into a lake of fire nine-tenths of the human race, who could pave the floor of the pit with infants unbaptised, is as impossible as loving a demon.—S. F. Williams.

A Death-Bed Harrowing.

By ELI FAY, D.D.

"Good enough to live by, but not good enough to die by." This remark is frequently made of Unitarianism.

I know Unitarians who, past their three score and ten years, yet with their faculties unimpaired, speak of their own demise and are preparing for it without the slightest hesitation or misgiving. And I know orthodox people to whom death appears to be the one appalling affliction that clothes the heavens and the earth in sackcloth.

A month of two since I was asked (1890) to visit a dying man; but before I reached the place, three men from the rooms of the Y.M.C.A. had arrived, at the earnest solicitation of another friend of the sufferer. When I entered the room, one of the three, on his knees by the bedside, and with a Bible in his hand, was alternately reading to, and exhorting, the sick man, in tones authoritative and unsubdued, "You MUST believe in Jesus. Fly to his cross! You are a sinner! Only the blood of Christ can save you! Accept the atonement NOW! You are a dying man! There is not a moment to spare! O look to Jesus this INSTANT! In a very short time you will stand before the throne of God, and if you have not been washed in the blood of Jesus, think of the awful doom that will await you." One may imagine the effect of such a scene. The poor sufferer was almost in convulsions. He groaned and screamed, and wrung his hands, and begged of his wife not to leave him for a moment, adding "O, I am so great a coward, I am afraid to die."

At this point those present were informed that I was there by special request, and that if they would allow me to approach I would say a word. I stepped to the bedside, and, taking the hand of the dying man in one of mine, I laid the other on his forehead; and after a moment I presented to him in a low tone of voice such ideas as a Unitarian would be likely to think appropriate to the occasion. I told him that then and there God was his Father and Friend, no less than amidst the joy and sunshine of life; and that with the absolute certainty that to him God would never be other than a Father and Friend, he could commit his soul to the divine care. Then I quoted a part of the 23rd Psalm, some of the appropriate words of Christ, and two or three verses of sacred poetry adapted to the occasion; after which I prayed with him, fully persuaded that to the spot where two or three are gathered with the one supernal intent, the tides of spiritual life MUST set, by the very laws of the spiritual universe. The groans and cries of the sick one had subsided. His alarm had passed away; and with a serene countenance and a natural tone of voice, he said to his wife: "THAT DOES ME GOOD. I FEEL BETTER."

As it was evident that the end was near, I suggested that the departing should be allowed to spend alone with his wife, the short time that remained to him. I acknowledge that my motive was in part to avoid a repetition of the heart-rending, indeed revolting, scene we had just witnessed; though the suggestion was obviously proper on its own merits. All arose to leave the room; and the man who, at my arrival, was vociferously instructing and authoritatively directing the dying one, followed me into the hall, where, with violence of manner and arrogance of tones, he exclaimed to me:

"Sir, what you have said to this man is downright infidelity. He is a sinner; and if he does not believe in Jesus he will be damned, and there is no time to be lost."

At this point another man appeared, saying, "We want no more excitement here. The man and wife must now be left to themselves." Repeatedly, since that occurrence, the conviction has forced itself upon me as with such startling vividness it had never previously done, that for the great majority of mankind orthodoxy is an appalling, a soul-harrowing, and a most un-Christian religion "to die by."

Paying for Religion.

By JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

Of all the commodities of modern life, the church commodities, its privileges and inspirations, its restful atmosphere and inspiring words, are the only commodities I know of which have their market values entirely fixed by the fluctuating condition of the purchaser's pocket, or by what is left therein after he has paid his other bills of necessities and of luxuries. Men do not go to their butcher and say, "Last year I paid sixteen cents a pound for beef; this year my income is a little less, I can only pay you twelve cents a pound." Rather do they say, "I must have meat to sustain life; I will pay for that, though I must go without cake or confectionery."

Now, if religion is anything, it is a central necessity of life; and still men pay for it as they pay for luxuries with the fag-ends of their income. If the church privileges are meat and drink to the soul, let them be so entered on the books, and paid for as ungrudgingly and promptly as you pay the butcher or your water tax. There are people who frankly confess that the church privileges are a source of priceless strength to them; they would not know how to get through the week without them, they say; still they enter their subscriptions to this same church under the head of "Charities," and because they have paid a little more there they must pay less here. About the meanest thing a man can do is to subscribe to a worthy cause, and then take it out of his subscription to the minister's salary next year. He might much better let the minister make the subscription in the first place. If the church deals in staple goods, if it represents the necessities of the community, let its claims be honoured with the same cheerfulness as other claims are; let it be supported as the schools and the State are, by an "ad valorum" tax assessed by each

man's conscience. Pay in proportion to your wealth indeed; but pay for it as you pay for bread, not as you pay for candy. Support it as you support the highways, not as you support your poodle or hunting dog.

Thoughts from Dr. Martineau.

Unity no doubt there must be: God is one; Truth is one; the Gospel is one; and a mind that could take in the whole, and spread its insight and affections in all dimensions at once would reach the Divine equilibrium, in which nothing partial preponderates.

Instead of endless divisions multiplied in the search after unity, we might hope to see the lines of separation become ever fainter; and every test of Christianity withdrawn except that of moral sympathy with the spirit of Christ; a test which, as God alone can apply it, man cannot abuse; and according to which many that, in the ecclesiastic roll, have been first, shall be last, and the last first.

We aim to make a true Christendom—a commonwealth of the faithful—by the binding force, not of ecclesiastical creeds, but of spiritual wants and Christian sympathies; and indulge the vision of a Church that "in the latter days shall arise," like "the mountain of the Lord," bearing on its ascent the blossom of thought proper to every intellectual clime, and withal massively rooted in the deep places of our humanity, and gladly rising to meet the sunshine from on high.

Let but the diversities which separate Christians retire, and the truths which they all profess to love advance to prominence, and whatever may become of party names, our aims are fulfilled, and our satisfaction is complete. When faith in the paternity of God shall have kindled an affectionate and lofty devotion; when the vision of immortality, imparted by Christ's resurrection, shall have created that spirit of duty which was the holiest inspiration of his life; when the sincere recognition of human brotherhood shall have supplanted all exclusive institutions, and banded society together under the vow of mutual aid and the hope of everlasting progress, our work will be done, our reward before us, and our little community of reformers lost in the wide fraternity of enlightened and benevolent men.

No one can have a true idea of right, until he does it; any genuine reverence for it, till he has done it often and with cost; any peace ineffable in it, till he does it always and with alacrity.

A higher civilisation, by which I understand neither superior clothes, nor better houses, nor richer wines, nor even more destructive gunpowder, but a nobler system of ideas, and aspirations possessing a community, must commence where alone ideas and aspirations can have a beginning, in somebody's mind.

Here and Now.

Men are tired of straining their thought along the diameter of the universe to seek for a Holy of Holies in whatever is opposite to their life; they find a worship possible, even irresistible, at home, and on the roadside, a place as fit to kneel as on the pavement of the Milky Way. The old antagonism between the world that now is, and any other that has been or is to come, has been modified for them, or has even entirely ceased. The earth is no place of diabolic exile, which the "prince of the power of the air" ever fans and darkens with his wing; and were it even, as was once believed, appointed to perish, this would be not because its failure was complete, but because its task was done. No vengeance burns in the sunshine which mellows its fruits and paints its grass; no threatenings flash from the starry eyes that watch over it by night. It is not only the home of each man's personal affections, but the native country of his very soul; where he first found in what a life he lives, and to what heaven he tends; where he has met the touch of spirits higher than is own, and of Him that is highest of all. It is the abode of every ennobling relation, the scene of every worthy toil; the altar of his vows, the observatory of his knowledge, the temple of his worship. Whatever succeeds to it will be its sequel, not its opposite, will resume the tale wherever silence overtakes it, and be blended into one life by sameness of persons and continuity of plan. He is set here to live, not as an alien, passing in disguise through an enemy's camp, where no allegiance is due, and no worthy love is possible, but as a citizen, fixed on an historic soil, pledged by honourable memories to nurse yet nobler hopes. HERE is the spot, NOW is the time, for the most devoted service of God. No strains of heaven will wake him into prayer, if the common music of humanity stirs him not. The saintly company of spirits will throng around him in vain, if he finds no angels of duty and affection in his children, neighbours, and friends. If no heavenly voices wander around him in the present, the future will be but the dumb change of the shadow on the dial. In short, higher stages of existence are not the refuge from this, but the complement to it; and it is the proper wisdom of the affections, not to escape the one in order to seek the other, but to flow forth in purifying copiousness on both.

—James Martineau.

An Unitarian, as such, is a Christian; that is, if a man follows Christ's law, and believes his words according to his conscientious sense of their meaning, he is a Christian; and though I may think he understands Christ's words amiss, yet that is a question of interpretation, and no more.—Dr. Arnold.

I must also do this right to the Unitarians as to own, that their rules in morality are exact and severe; that they are generally men of probity, justice, and charity, and seem to be very much in earnest in pressing the obligations to very high degrees in virtue.—Bishop Burnet.

Help!

"Who'll help me?"
Said one with spirit free,
Of men and fate defiant,
And firm and self-reliant,
Who scorned to ask another,
Were it or friend or brother,
To aid him in the stress
Of perils numberless.

"Who'll help me,
In dire extremity,
To be a man again,
And trample down my pain,
And lift mine eyes to heaven,
Confiding and forgiven?"

"I," said the Ocean,
"With all my strength of tides,
And the heave of my commotion,
Where the wild, wild tempest rides."
"I," said the joyous Earth,
"In all my populous girth,
From pole unto the pole,
From east unto the west,
I'll aid thee, noble soul,
To rise and do thy best!"

"And we," said the Day and Night,
And the Law of Gravitation,
"And we," said the Dark and Light,
And the Stars in their gyration;
"And I," said Justice, moving
To the right hand of the Throne;
"And I," said Fate, approving,
"I make thy cause my own."

"I knew ye would," said he
Who lay in extremity;
"Strong will, pure soul, true heart—
With these to take thy part,
And God's law, aiding ever
The resolute endeavour,
I'll do the best I can,
To live an honest man;
And if I die, I die,
Strong in my God on high!"

—Chas. Mackay.

Truth Against the World.

One day Abdiel paid a visit to Paul, who had returned from Tarsus after his journey to Damascus. He found him seated and thoughtful on the threshold of his house: his tools and his favourite books lay negligently on the floor behind him.

"I hear strange things of thee," said the Rabbi coldly; "thou art become a follower of the Nazarene. What course art thou about to pursue after this fine conversion?"

"I shall go and preach the Gospel to all nations," quietly answered the new convert. "I shall set out to-morrow."

The Rabbi, who had a secret grudge against Paul, looked at him with affected incredulity, and said:

"Dost thou know the sacrifice thou art making? Thou must renounce father, mother, and friends, the society of the great and wise. Thou wilt meet with severe trials and serious dangers. Thou wilt be poor, branded with offensive names, persecuted, flogged, perhaps put to death."

"None of these things move me," replied he; "I have weighed them all. I value not my life, compared with the observance of God's law and the proclamation of truth, notwithstanding what men may do. I shall walk in God's light without fear. No longer am I a slave to the old law of sin and death. I am God's freedman, made free by the law of the Spirit of life which is in Jesus Christ."

"Here," interposed the Rabbi, "thou mayest acquire wealth and renown; in thy new work thou wilt have only pain, infamy, and death."

"God's voice bids me go," cried the apostle firmly, "and I am ready to spend and be spent for the truth."

"Die, then," growled the Rabbi; "die, mad Nazarene, atheist, as thou art. He who gives himself to novelties, preferring silly convictions and the whims of conscience to solid wealth and his friends' advice, deserves the gibbet. Die in thy folly. Henceforward I disown thee; call me friend no longer."

Years passed away. The divine word grew and prevailed. One day a rumour spread over the public squares of Tarsus, and soon passed from mouth to mouth.

"Paul the apostle is a prisoner in Rome, and every day expects the order which will consign him to the lions. His approaching trial will be his last."

Then Abdiel said to the old women in the synagogues:

"I well knew it would come to this. How much more wisely would he have acted had he remained here in his trade and in the old paths of our fathers and the prophets, without losing his senses about whims of conscience! He might have lived respectably in Tarsus till advanced age; he might have been father of sons and doughters; he might have been saluted as 'Rabbi' in our streets."

Such was the talk in Tarsus. At the same moment Paul sat in his prison at Rome, full of consolation. The Lord appeared to him in vision and said, "Paul, fear not; thou hast fought the good fight. I am with thee to the end of the world."

The calm old man replied, "I know whom I have served, and I am fully persuaded that God will keep what I have entrusted to him. I have not received the spirit of fear, but of love and of a sound mind. I shall finish my course with joy, for already I behold the crown of righteousness descending on my head; and now my salvation is more perfect and my hope more ardent than when I first believed."

And in his heart reverberated the same voice which of old spake on the mount of transfiguration, "Thou art my beloved son, in whom I am well pleased."—(A Parable, by Theodore Parker.)

An Open Letter for Open Minds.

Dear Friends,—for I will call you "friends," whether you agree with my views or not. We can help each other, even if we do not all think alike. Every man who is sincere, and who earnestly seeks to know the truth, no matter what his views, I will gladly call "friend," for he is the friend of all humanity if he does that, and especially if he tries his best to live in accordance therewith.

It is not merely what a man believes that is of first importance, but what he is. His beliefs will shape his conduct if he is conscientious, and if they are not in opposition to his strong affections; and because belief leads to conduct, it is of great moment that it should be true.

But there are many good men who have false beliefs, and bad men who have right opinions. Amongst good men there is every variety of difference in matters of opinion. We respect a good man for his goodness, whatever his opinions. The fact that some very good men believe false doctrines, which in ages past would have led them to burn other people to death at the stake for having opposite opinions, proves that they are better than their creed. Character is more than creed. The affections of the heart often counteract the evil effect even of a brutal doctrine upon the mind.

Easter is here. It is rightly associated with resurrection. Now Dame Nature awakes from her wintry sleep into a new and glorious life. The sap rises in the trees. Many buried seeds out of decay and death burst into a new existence, pushing their blades through the soil, and give to the ground a dress of living green. The early Christians, zealous in their conviction of human immortality, and strong in faith that their crucified Master was not dead, but had risen up into the spiritual world beyond this, were quick to link on the Resurrection of Jesus with the time of Nature's resurrection.

Do you believe in the Resurrection of Jesus? What does it mean? The rising up from death to life. Have you not lost some near and dear ones from your home—taken by the hand of death? Do you believe they still live? If you do, you believe that they have risen from death to life—which is resurrection. If you believe the same of Jesus that you do of your own dear departed ones—you believe in his resurrection. There is no death. "What seems so is transition," says our Unitarian poet Longfellow. You have not "lost" your dear ones. They have but gone before—a few days' journey in advance of yourself. But the idea of the resurrection of the body has got mixed up with this doctrine of a life to come. Somehow stories of the bodily resurrection of Jesus grew amongst the early Christians, and found their way into the New Testament, in opposition to the Christian teaching, such as that of Paul, that "flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God"; he says that the resurrection from death is spiritual and not fleshly: "it is raised a spiritual body." The resurrection of the dead flesh to another life—the same body to rise to life again, to be as before—this is impossible. Could it be so with the bodies of martyrs burned at the stake, with those disposed of utterly by cremation, with those devoured by wild beasts in the jungle? It is unbelievable. How, then, can all the bodies rise from the graves to life again at any supposed summons to judgment at "the last day," when in every instance of earth burial, except those interred in the last generation, and other few embalmed, they have been long devoured by worms and have utterly disappeared through the work of decomposition?

Let us believe what is true. Truth is precious; it is God's Word. Error deceives; it is harmful, and leads astray. Let us believe what is true about resurrection, and let us show our faithfulness to God, as well as to ourselves, by rejecting what is false in connection therewith!

This resurrection time should mean new life in us for man and God. Not a slackening of energies, now the winter is ending, but a new-birth of zeal and joy and loving service. May you and I even now in this world be already risen with Christ in that sense—out of the mere concerns of the flesh into the higher life of the Spirit.

PARSON PAGE.

A Unitarian in Heaven.

An Episcopalian minister related the following parable to the Hon. George S. Hale:

An unmaterialised Unitarian presented himself at the gate of heaven, where St. Peter was twirling the keys—to ask admission. The guardian looked favourably upon him, and said: "Look in and look around, and see if you can find your place." He looked around, and he saw a number of enclosures, in which were a large number of his friends, with placards indicating what their faith had been—"Baptists," "Episcopalians," "Methodists," "Universalists," and so on. He looked long and anxiously, but he could not find anything like "Unitarian." He turned with some disappointment to St. Peter, saying that he could not find any place. "What!" said St. Peter; "you seem to be a proper person for admission. Look again." With the same failure, he turned again in disappointment; and St. Peter said to him: "What are you?" "Why, I am a Unitarian." "Oh, a Unitarian! Go in, and go just where you like; we don't have to keep you fellows in pens."

Speak thou the Truth! let others fence
And trim their words for pay;
In pleasant sunshine of pretence
Let others bask their day.
Be true to every inmost thought,
And as thy thought thy speech.
What thou hast not by suffering bought,
Presume thou not to teach.—Alford.

Murderous Prayers.

Theodore Parker, the famous Unitarian preacher of Boston, exposed the unreasonable doctrines of Trinitarian orthodoxy so powerfully that orthodox revivalists held special meetings in Boston to counteract his influence. One of these was held specially for "Prayer for the conversion of the Notorious Infidel, Theodore Parker."

Here are some choice extracts from some of the prayers made at that meeting, reported on the occasion by a shorthand writer:

"O Lord, if this man is a subject of grace, convert him, and bring him into the kingdom of Thy dear Son! But if he is beyond the reach of the saving influence of the Gospel, remove him out of the way, and let his influence die with him."

"O Lord, send confusion and distraction into his study this afternoon, and prevent his finishing his preparation for his labours to-morrow; or if he shall attempt to desecrate Thy holy day by attempting to speak to the people, meet him there, Lord, and confound him, so that he shall not be able to speak!"

"Lord, we know that we cannot argue him down; and the more we say against him the more will the people flock after him, and the more will they love and revere him! O Lord, what shall be done for Boston, if Thou dost not take this and some other matters in hand?"

"O Lord, if this man will still persist in speaking in public, induce the people to leave him and come up and fill this house instead of that."

One exhorted the rest to pray that God would—

"Put a hook in this man's jaws, so that he may not be able to speak."

Some called upon him to convert him. Others wrote letters. Here is his reply to one:

"Dear madam,—I am much obliged to you for the interest you take in my spiritual welfare, and obliged to you for the letter which has just come to hand. I gather from it that you wish me to believe the theological opinions which you entertain and refer to. I don't find that you desire anything more.

"I make no doubt the persons who pray for my conversion to the common ecclesiastical theology, and those who pray for my death, are equally sincere and honest. I don't envy them their idea of God when they ask Him to come into my study and confound me, or to put a hook into my jaws so that I cannot speak. Several persons have come to 'labour with me,' or have written me letters to convert me. They were commonly persons quite ignorant of the very things they tried to teach me; they claimed a divine illumination which I saw no proofs of, in them, in their lives, or their doctrines. But I soon found it was with them, as it is with you; they did not seek to teach me either piety, which is the love of God, or morality, which is the keeping of the natural laws He has written in the constitution of man, but only to induce me to believe their catechism and to join their church. I see no reason for doing either.

I try to use what talents and opportunities God has given me in the best way I can. I don't think it is my fault that I regret the absurd doctrines which I find in the creed of these people who wish to instruct me on matters of which they are profoundly ignorant.

"But the Catholics treated the Protestants in the same way, and the Jews and the Heathens thus treated the Christians. I find good and religious men amongst all classes of men—Trinitarians, Unitarians, Salvationists, and Damnationists, Protestants, Catholics, Jews, Mohammedans, Heathens. There is one God for us all, and I have such perfect love of Him that it long since cast out all fear.—Believe me, yours truly, "THEODORE PARKER.

It would have been wrong of them to kill or to assassinate Parker—but the amusing thing is that it was not considered wrong to ask God to do this for them. But, as a matter of fact, in an account of the life of a noted revivalist, the late President Finney, there is a boast that "It was the late President Finney who caused the death of Theodore Parker—who caused the immediate causes of that death."

Finney was conducting a revival in Boston. His work was hindered by the influence of Parker's preaching. He called on Parker to persuade him to cease his labours, but was refused an interview. Finney organised praying meetings that Parker should be prayed down and his mouth closed. Parker, suffering from consumption, became hopelessly ill—not long afterwards died, and so the prayers were said to be successful.

The problem is not "Who killed Cock Robin?" but was Theodore Parker killed? and, if so, who killed him? The boast is that President Finney did it by stirring up persuading power enough to move God to do it.

The orthodox compilers of this account of President Finney's causing Parker's death very naively admit that "it would have been inhuman had it not been divine."

It was inhuman, and very undivine, and only belief in a brutal theology could account for good men being capable of such conduct.

Were it not so serious a matter, its utter ridiculousness would make it an illustration of the humorous, though of a grim order.

In Theology, the Jews are monotheists—Unitarians. It is proverbially impossible to convert a real Jew to Trinitarian Christianity. A Jew has expressed himself thus:

When thou canst wash the Ethiopian white,
Govern the winds, or give the sun more light,
Cause by thy word the mountain to remove,
Control the seas, or hurl the bolts of Jove,—
Then hope (but not till then) to turn the Jews
To Christian doctrines and to Christian views.
For Christian faith, say conscience is thy guide,
The Jews, for conscience' sake, 'gainst it decide.
One God thou callest Three, and Three but One;
The Jews acknowledge God as One alone.

Unity of God.

"God is a being absolutely perfect, unmade, or self-originated, and necessarily existing. . . . It evidently appears that there can be but one such Being, and that unity, oneliness, or singularity, is essential to it; forasmuch as there cannot possibly be more than one Supreme, more than one Omnipotent, or infinitely powerful Being, and more than one cause of all things besides itself." (Dr. Ralph Cudworth's "Intellectual System of the Universe," Vol. I., p. 282).

"There is but one Being who is, as God is said to be, the best and the greatest: therefore, if there were God's more than one, either one must be supposed to be more excellent than another, or both equally excellent. If we suppose the former of these, then he who is not the most excellent is not God; and if the latter, that their excellencies are equal, then infinite perfection would be divided: which is contrary to the idea thereof." (Dr. Thos. Ridgley—"Body of Divinity," Vol. I., pp. 194-6).

"The unity of design which seems to prevail in the works of nature, makes it reasonable to believe it had but one Author, and that He operated in an uncontrolled manner. There is no reason from the light of nature to conclude that there are any more Deities than one, or indeed to imagine that there are any more; since one Almighty and all-wise Being can do as much as a thousand such beings can do." (Dr. Philip Doddridge, "Course of Lectures," Part II., prop. 39, or Vol. I., pp. 132-3).

Scriptural Unitarianism.

ONE GOD: "Jesus answered—The Lord our God is one Lord."—Mark xii., 29.

"Jesus said: Father—the only true God."—John xvii., 1-3.

"The true worshippers shall worship the Father."—John iv., 23.

"When ye pray, say, Our Father."—Luke xi., 1-2.

"To us there is but one God, the Father, of whom are all things."—I. Cor. viii., 6.

JESUS, A MAN: "Ye seek to kill me, a man that hath told you the truth."—John viii., 40.

"Jesus of Nazareth, a man approved of God."—Acts ii., 22.

"Whence hath this man this wisdom, and these mighty powers? Is not this the carpenter's son? Is not his mother called Mary, and his brethren James, and Joseph, and Simon, and Judas? and his sisters, are they not all with us?"—Matt. xiii., 54-56.

"Come and see a Man who told me all things."—John iv., 29.

"A Man that is called Jesus."—John ix., 11.

"The grace of the one Man, Jesus Christ."—Rom. v., 15.

My little six-year-old daughter was seated with us one day at dinner, when, with a merry look in her eyes, she suddenly said:

"Father, you are my brother."

"Why, how can that be?" said I.

"Isn't God the Father of us all?"

"Yes, He is," I answered.

"Well, if He is my Father and your Father we are all brothers and sisters in God's family."

"So we are"—I was bound to admit, feeling I had learned another lesson in the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man.

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